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DUNLOP—the Tyre of Paramount Performance

C.F.H.

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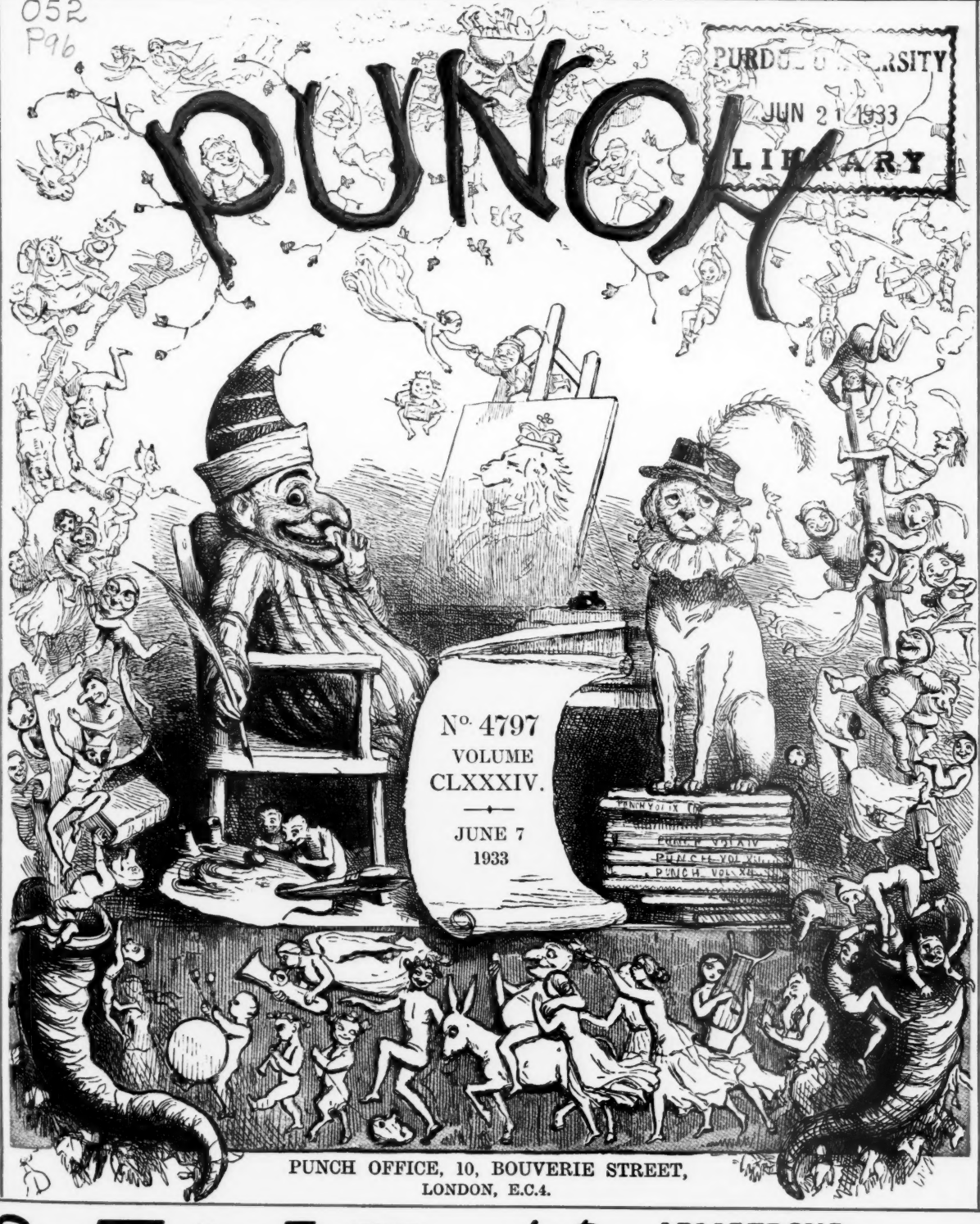

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See it has TripleX Regd throughout every ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY has!

SILENT SAFETY

The new "Heavy Duty" by Goodyear is the first tyre to combine maximum safety with silence at all speeds. Silence has been achieved by the shifting of a fraction of an inch of rubber in the tread blocks so that no two of the same size ever follow each other.

STOP! *can you?*

Right in the centre of the tyre comes the full weight of the car when you apply the brakes. That's why Goodyear put massive sharp-edged tread blocks in this vital spot—to bite through the film of the roadway and grip.

Look how those tough diamond-shaped All-Weather tread blocks are placed—diagonally across the cover, their sharp edges at right angles to the direction of skid. Against this movement—as your car sways on the turn—you want maximum resistance. Only Goodyears give it.

Examine your tyres today. Are the tread blocks set diagonally? If not change over now to Goodyear All-Weathers. Be Safe! The Goodyear Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain) Ltd., Wolverhampton.

Charivaria.

MR. ARTHUR E. WARE has announced in the Press that the world will not end on June 12th as hitherto stated. Otherwise it would have clashed with the World Economic Conference.

***

"'Pitch and Toss' is responsible for much crime," says a London magistrate. It is also the cause of much *mal-de-mer*.

***

A German actor has learnt English in order to make a talking picture. Ultimately perhaps American actors will follow his example.

***

A man was found wandering on a golf-course last week at three o'clock in the morning. We are rather afraid he will have to buy another ball.

***

"Wealth," declares a writer, "is a disease." Then Mr. CHAMBERLAIN should rank as one of the most skilful doctors of the day.

***

Dresses painted with representations of the wearers' houses and gardens are the latest fashion. This puts flat-dwellers at a disadvantage.

***

A famous artist is painting the portrait of one of our heavyweight boxers. It would be unkind to suggest that he will call it a "Study of Still Life."

***

A man arrested in Chicago with a bomb in his possession said that he was a social worker. Something to do with the uplift movement perhaps.

***

Rare plants from Tibet which have been exhibited in London were secured at the grave risk of complaints of despoiling the Tibetan countryside.

***

An American movie actress told a reporter that she could not say for sure whether she was happily married. That sort of thing is left, of course, to one's publicity-agent to decide.

The white ant, we are told, lays eighty-four thousand eggs a day. Fortunately white ants don't cackle.

***

"The cricket rubs its rear limbs together and produces a singing sound," says a naturalist. The leg theory?

***

At Cheam a nightingale has been seen singing on the top of a wireless-pole. This bird evidently has not yet quite grasped the principles of broadcasting.

***

An actress who was secretly engaged for three years has been married. We hear that her Press-agent is an object of derision among his colleagues.

***

It is suggested that the term "week-end" was invented by someone who was under the impression that the week begins on Monday. Whereas, of course, it begins on Tuesday.

***

A steam-wagon crashed into the wall of an American university and tore a large hole in it. It is understood that the driver had always wanted to go through a university.

***

"An extravagant girl usually makes a poor mother," declares a novelist. Not to mention an impecunious father.

***

"Beauty specialists flatter their clients," says an expert. And apparently flatten them also.

***

Not very long ago, a novelist points out, everybody thought the earth was flat. Nowadays most people seem to be convinced that it is crooked.

***

"There is only one task more difficult than the writing of a novel," says an essayist. Can that be reading it?

***

A lecture on "Economy" was recently given in Aberdeen. Nobody seems to know why.

***

"An Englishman always keeps you at arm's length," says a foreign visitor. Evidently he hasn't travelled in one of our tubes yet.

***

We are told that a professional thought-reader's life is not very enviable. It is just one damned think after another.

***

Speculative science is described as having developed into an international doubles contest between England, represented by Sir JAMES JEANS and Sir ARTHUR EDDINGTON, and Germany, represented by Professor EINSTEIN and Professor MAX PLANCK. But we thought Professor EINSTEIN had scratched for Germany.

***

The principal character in a new mystery story is a washerwoman. The Wringer?

Faithful Minstrel. "WILL YOU ASK THE LADY IF IT WOULD INCONVENIENCE HER IF I CHANGED MY DAY FROM FRIDAY TO TOOSDY?"

How to Succeed.

I.—At Golf.

GOLF is a game which both old and young may play with equal enjoyment.

That intolerable falsehood is all that you are going to get by way of introduction. A Three-Minute Course, with the whole subject to be dealt with and only about a thousand words to do it in gives little scope for talk about the moulding of character or the way in which the game helps to bind the Empire together, so I'm cutting all that kind of thing right out. If you aren't satisfied, perhaps you wouldn't mind standing aside and letting the others have a look. If you are, buy a bag of clubs and draw one out. It may be an all-steel one (called an iron) or a long wooden-headed fellow with a rough face that slopes steeply backwards and reminds you strongly of one of your uncles; but whatever it is grasp it firmly in both hands and hold it out in front of you, keeping the muscles taut and allowing the head to rest lightly on the ground.

Not your *own* head, you poor fish.

When you have got that right—and Heaven knows it is easy enough—look at your feet. Just *look* at them! If you think you can turn up at St. Andrews in those boots and get away with it you've got even more to learn than I thought. Patent-leather and elastic on the first tee! HENRY COTTON would never speak to you again.

(*There will now be a short interval to give you time to go away and make yourself respectable.*)

Assuming that the feet are by this time decently shod, their position relative to the ball and to one another becomes an affair of paramount importance. They should be placed in such a way that the ball is neither hopelessly out of reach nor yet so close as to endanger the safety of the toes while striking, and the left should be pointed boldly in the direction of the green you are attempting to reach. On the question whether the other foot should point in the direction of the green you have just left there is still much conflict of opinion. On the one hand it is argued that by this means not only is a feeling of *continuity* gained and the round viewed as a whole rather than as a series of episodes, but *the flexibility of the ankles* (no small consideration) is also greatly increased; on the other and to my mind less convincing hand, the difficulty of retaining the balance on certain tees is strenuously urged. But in any case, as the beginner will readily understand, the problem does not arise on the first tee. There is absolutely nothing to be gained by pointing the right foot towards the club-house—unless of course you have definitely decided to give the thing up and go home.

When the feet are properly disposed in an orderly and efficient manner, drop your wrists, hitch up your trousers, give the ball a last look and draw back your club with the action of a man about to give something a most almighty wallop. Let it go right round behind the head until the shoulder-blades are touching, then pause and think. Think hard. Think about the position of your knees and elbows. Think about your head. Think about the middle of your back, and your wife and children and home, and the scruff of your neck, and easy-chairs and lumbago. And then suddenly, when no one is expecting it, LET IT GO.

That in effect is the *drive*—one of the most spectacular and satisfying shots in the game. Of course there is rather more in it than this if you want the extra twenty or thirty yards that puts you ahead of the best. To achieve exceptional length you must flex the knees at the moment of impact and push the left hip out as far as it will go—the further you push it out the longer your drive will be. Bob Tucker, the old Prestonpans professional and one of the longest hitters the game has ever known, once told me that he owed his pre-eminence on the tees entirely to an early realisation of the importance of these two points. I wish I had space for a diagram of his left hip at the conclusion of a really long shot. It would make you sick with laughing.

Iron-shots differ from tee-shots not so much in the manner of their execution as in the circumstances under which you are called upon to play them. The wooden pedestal or pinnacle of sand which sustained the ball at so convenient a height above tee-level for your initial stroke is not now available, and as a result the risk of driving your ball deep into the ground or at the best inflicting a severe scalp wound upon it is greatly increased. To obviate these dangers you must take turf. Take as much of it as you like, but remember that your object is to startle the ball from its resting-place by threatening the security of its foundations, and this can only be done by undermining the soil in its immediate rear, not by striking the ground, however violently, some six inches or more behind it. Beaters will tell you that the nearer they get to a pheasant before flushing it the higher and straighter it will fly; and just the same thing applies to a golf-ball. You wouldn't catch a beater hitting the earth with his stick miles away from the place where he knows the birds to be. There's no sense in it.

We now come to what is often wrongly called the *approach*; but before you play that I should like you to consider the best way to tackle a hole of average length. Before driving, look at the figures on the tee-box and from those (say 437 yards) subtract the number engraved on the back of your most powerful iron *plus twenty yards*. The remainder gives you the distance required for your drive, which may be adjusted, as already indicated, by the extent to which the knees are braced and the left hip pushed out at the moment of impact, if any. For very long holes it may be necessary to push the left hip right out of joint; but after all, as has been well said by nearly everybody, no game is worth playing from which all risk of personal injury has been removed. Bob Tucker, whom I have already had occasion to mention, used to employ a professional bone-setter as his caddie on all the more exacting courses; but the beginner will perhaps do well to take his chance with the rest and for the first day or two at least avoid the slightest semblance of ostentation.

Having driven the distance indicated by your calculation and followed it up with a full iron-shot, you must inevitably find yourself exactly twenty yards from the hole, which, as all golfers should realise, is the ideal position for the *coup de grâce*. For at this distance *the pin need not be removed* and may be struck without pain or penalty. All you have now to do is to play a medium croquet-shot straight at it and the ball is bound to drop into the hole for a well-played three. Use an ordinary light mallet slightly lofted at one end for the negotiation of possible stymies and covered with rubber at the other to deaden the sound on Sundays, and your popularity both as a partner and a gentleman is assured.

It will be noticed that this system of play, which is entirely new and has never yet been seen on an English course, *completely eliminates putting*, the curse of the game—and all by an intelligent use of that most neglected feature of every green, the pin. Try it, and if you don't find yourself below par at the end of the round it will be no fault of mine.

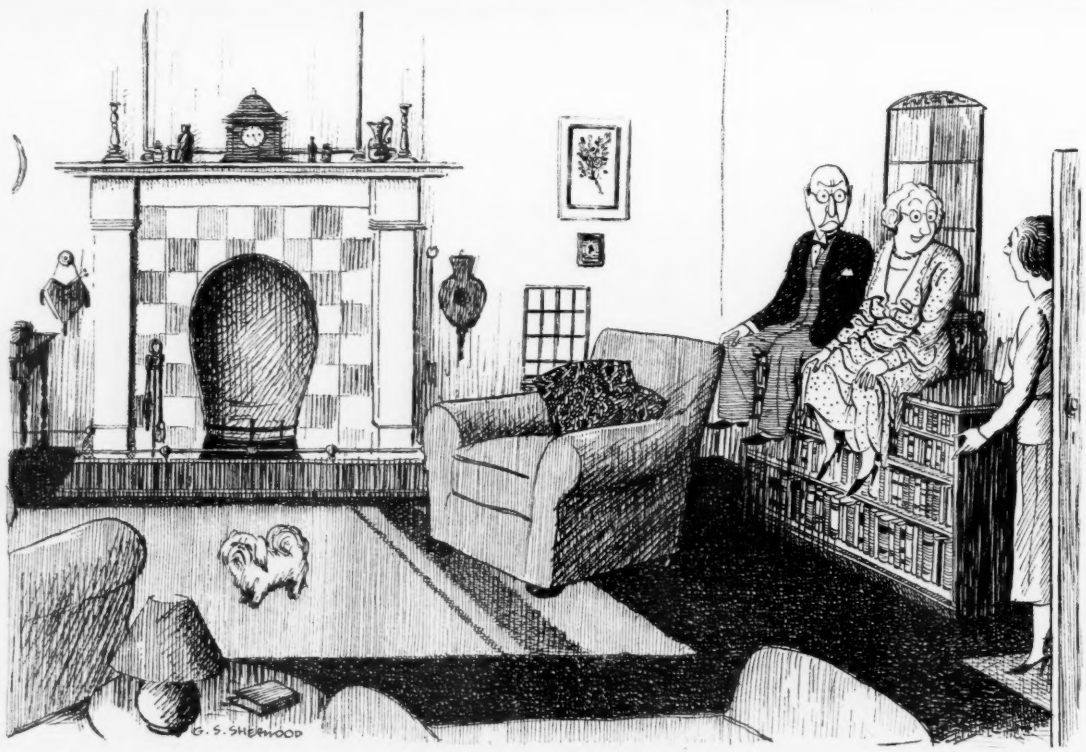
H. F. E.

HERR DOLLFUSS WAS A CHEEKY LAD.

(*More or less after* STRUWWELPETER.)

THE AUSTRIAN CHANCELLOR (*rejecting Herr* HITLER'S *proposals*)—

"OH, TAKE THE NAZI SOUP AWAY,
I WON'T HAVE ANY SOUP TO-DAY."



"MAY I HAVE A CHAIR IN HERE NOW, MOTHER?"
"JUST A LITTLE MORE PATIENCE, DARLING. BOO-BOO HASN'T *QUITE* DECIDED WHERE HE WOULD LIKE TO SIT."

The Band of Brothers.

A MUSICAL TRAGI-COMEDY.

Sebastian Bach Carruthers
  Was in the truest sense
One of a Band of Brothers
  Who with a zeal intense,
Fostered by care parental,
  For many years had paid
Their homage instrumental
  To Music, heavenly Maid.

Cornelius from the 'cello
  Drew rich and fruity tones,
And Joseph's horn was mellow
  With placid sylvan moans;
The fiddling brother, Niccolo,
  Could make the welkin hum,
While Peter played the piccolo,
  And Samuel spanked the drum.

But, though in clear-cut neatness
  His artistry was weak,
Sebastian's tonal sweetness
  Was utterly unique;
Besides, I ought to mention
  His instrument was his own
Unparalleled invention—
  The contrazoedone.

A siphon's nozzle crowned it,
  The body was of glass,
With latticed wire around it,
  And with a horn of brass:
Its tone was not unpleasing,
  Suggestive of the sigh
Of camels, or the wheezing
  Of hippopotami.

Though put through all its paces
  It did not come to stay
In orchestras or places
  Where skilled musicians play.
The orthodox revolted,
  The line they firmly drew;
Even kind ADRIAN BOULTed
  And said it wouldn't do.

* * * * *

Alas! the ruthless ogress
  Science, to Art applied,
In her relentless progress
  Spreads ruin far and wide:
And with a thousand others
  The "Talkies" have laid low
The band of blameless brothers
  I knew five years ago.

Last week, somewhere in Ealing,
  There stole upon my ears
A strange familiar squealing
  That flattered me to tears,
Made by an uncomplaining
  But melancholy man—
Sebastian, sole remaining
  Survivor of his clan.

Moved by my old affection
  I gave a silver dole
To brighten the collection
  Of coppers in his bowl;
Adding these simple verses
  To echo through the land
Sebastian's heartfelt curses
  On music that is "canned."

C. L. G.

The Red Orphan.

To quote one of Peter Donnely's neighbours—the one with a small and very exposed flower-garden—the old man's solitary hen is "as well known as a beggin' ass." In a country where the ubiquitous donkey wanders free and grazes indiscriminately this means that she is very well known indeed.

If Peter himself is pressed for the pedigree of his bird he describes her as a Red Orphan; not because of her lack of relations but rather because he thinks, quite incorrectly, that she is a Buff Orpington. It was Mrs. Grace, a kindly woman with a coveted "lucky hand for hens," who decided more than a year ago that the widowed Peter should keep fowl. As the nucleus of the flourishing stock that should eventually people his little yard she gave him

a red pullet of her own that was about to lay.

Twelve months have passed, and we still speak of Peter Donnely's hen, for she is still alone. None of her numerous spells of brooding has yet ended in anything more definite than a return to calmness and sanity from a period of hysterical fussiness. "She do take a hate of clockin'," her owner says of her at these times. In spite of her solitariness the Red Orphan has been a great success, though Peter did what his neighbours call making a Christian of her when first she came to the grass-grown yard. From the beginning she and Peter were friends. By this they do not mean to hint that he forced his theological beliefs upon the Red Orphan, but only that he treated her as a comrade.

Anyone who passes along the narrow quiet road on a June evening may hear sounds of conversation from behind the crazy wooden gate that is supposed to guard Peter's domain. Through the day the old man works on a bog a mile away at this time of the year, and the red hen is pathetically glad to see him when he gets back. People who have watched the reunion on the quiet road outside the gate have said with awe in their voices that it is "aiqual to an ambush," and they could not say more than that.

Not that the Red Orphan goes hungry while Peter is away. The missing pane in the kitchen-window has never been replaced, and one may often see the hen on her way in through that opening to the food that her owner has placed on the kitchen-floor, or forcing her way out again with affected cries of pretended alarm.

Yesterday evening she seemed to be in disgrace, for Peter had "readied up" the little lean-to shed that is now almost bare of turf, and the tidy heap of black mould had appealed irresistibly to the bored hen.

"God help me, but you have it atchilly tossicated," he was saying ruefully as someone passed; and the Red Orphan made regretful sounds and lifted a head that was draped with some clinging weed from the June hedgerow, where she had enjoyed a siesta.

"Look at you now," Peter went on, "an' you the very same as a Christmas-three."

According to her flattered friend the red hen has a great nature, which indicates, contradictorily enough, an unusual show of affectionate intelligence rather than a true adherence to type. "If you were to hear that one ochonin' to herself be the gate," he says, "when she thinks 'tis full time for me to be comin' home, you 'd never do a die; and the gallery she does have when she sees me!"

"South Kensington, please."
"But you're there, Madam."
"Oh, am I? I thought I was here."

Twice during the year Mrs. Grace sent down a clutch of eggs at times when the "hate of clockin' " was at its height. Both settings suffered an unhappy fate, or so Peter said.

In the first case something had come, he explained, night after night, and each time it had removed one egg. "I took away what was left in the latther end," Peter said darkly, "an' whatever on earth was doin' the dethriment they only met wid the bare hay the next time."

The fate of the second lot was more obscure. "Them had a great defeat surely," was all that Peter had to say on the subject when Mrs. Grace pressed for an explanation. "An' it was a pity, for she had great element for hatchin' at the time."

Very occasionally some hen from another yard strays down the narrow road and makes her way between the bars of the wooden gate; but, like the clutch of eggs, she has a great defeat. "I'll say it for the Red Orphan," Peter said to the owner of a battered fowl, "she 's able to make bruss of them all."

Things Which Might Have Been Expressed Less Bluntly.

"Thursday . . . At the Dead Sea the party will be afforded a bath which is a unique experience and should not be missed."
Programme of Tour.

"Cambridge have not maintained the promise of their earlier matches, when they batted so well against Sussex and beat Yorkshire. There is no chance of their getting a full side out during the coming week."
Daily Paper.

Obviously written by an Oxonian.

Songs of a Sub-Man.

IV.—Sleep, My Caterpillar.

SLUMBER soundly,
Sleep profoundly,
Caterpillar, on my chest.
See, the sun sinks low, my caterpillar.
O my caterpillar,
Rest.
May no harmful pest, my caterpillar,
Near your cradle stray.
Safely on my breast, my caterpillar,
Rest, my caterpillar,
Pray.

Sleep, my caterpillar,
Deep, my caterpillar,
On your eyelids press;
Crawl not up my wrist, my caterpillar,
Twist, my caterpillar,
Less.
Caterpillar, fret not!
Caterpillar, let not
Fear your soul dismay.
While my watch I keep, my caterpillar,
Sleep, my caterpillar,
Pray.

Shadows lengthen,
Faint stars strengthen;
Night falls soft and black.
Caterpillar, squirm not;
Caterpillar, worm not
Further down my back.
Flowers begin to weep, my caterpillar,
Droop the eyes of day;
Stars begin to peep, my caterpillar;
Sleep, my caterpillar,
Pray.

Sleep, my caterpillar,
Deep, my caterpillar,
In your eyelids dwell.
Sleep, and when you sleep, my caterpillar,
Sleep, my caterpillar,
Well.
Lo! now, caterpillar,
Slow, now, caterpillar,
Turn the wheels of day;
Night falls cool and deep, my caterpillar,
Sleep, my caterpillar,
Pray.

Sleep, my caterpillar,
Deep, my caterpillar,
On your eyelids press.
When you move you itch, my caterpillar;
Twitch, my caterpillar,
Less.
Caterpillar, peace, then!
Caterpillar, cease, then,
Down my spine to creep.
E'er you reach its seat, my caterpillar,
Sweet my caterpillar,
Sleep!

Fun in Our Time.

"'My eyes, however, continued to water. I put one hand under my giggles to try and wipe my tears, but it was not of much avail.'"
Mr. Tranum describing his parachute dive, in Daily Paper.

The Little Twist.

SCHOOL-TEACHERS are accused of giving a revolutionary bias to their teaching. Even in arithmetic lessons, we are told, there is the little twist, the red streak. Lest any of my pedagogic comrades should be at a loss as to how a discourse on the Rule of Three can best elucidate the wrongs of the *tiers état*, or how to get the doctrine of class war over in an equation, let me offer a few examples.

It is obvious of course that the child who has to do stocks-and-shares sums will soon develop a healthy loathing for the Capitalist system. Long division with odd farthings is enough to make even Standard I. realise the urgency of currency reform; while bank-rate is calculated to make any twelve-year-old suspect the iniquity of the bankers. But something more definite is needed.

Take for example our old friend the profit-and-loss sum. Here is the revolutionary version:—

"A middleman bought 1,260 pounds of tea and sold it at 1/4 per pound, thereby making an iniquitous profit of £16 10*s.* from the tea-drinking workers. Afterwards when, on account of capitalistic manœuvres, the sale price had risen 7½%, he purchased 840 pounds and retailed it at 1/6 per pound. Of what sum did he rob the State by his second transaction?"

Here is another pretty problem:—

"A and B are key-workers in a cotton-mill. They can make a piece of work last 40 days. After 10 days they are joined by C, a non-union blackleg, and the work is then finished in 20 days more. C does as much in 2 days as B does in 3 days. How many days would the work last each of them if each worked alone?"

Then we have X, the honest labouring man, and Y, the selfish bourgeois. "X is going to the World Workers' Conference at Blackpool at 60 m.p.h. in a third-class carriage. Y is going to exploit the proletariat by having a gay week-end in London. He is travelling at 74·50 m.p.h. in a first-class Pullman. When will they meet?"

The bath sum is equally adaptable to the advancement of Communist ideals: "P is an idle débutante whose sunken marble bath is filled by taps A and B in 3 and 5 minutes respectively and emptied by pipe C in 7½ minutes. In what time will P's bath be full if all three pipes are open? Compare the answer with the result in M's kitchen-sink, where the two taps, which normally fill it in 30 minutes, are clogged by obstructions, allowing only five-sixths of the usual amount of water to flow through them. M is one of the people, and the obstructions are due to the callousness of the local council."

Geometry is at first sight a more difficult problem. But it would require a very unclass-conscious teacher not to see the point in common between equiangular triangles and States in which all men are equal. The doctrine of solidarity and the study of solids might go hand-in-hand, and the division of a circular world into sectors or Communist cells, having equal central angles, would be an interesting practical exercise.

Algebra, of course, was made for the revolutionary idealist. "If km^2 = KARL MARX, let x = the state of the world in 1950. $x + y = 16$
$x - y = 0$"
may not at first sight convey much relation to the toiling masses, but if x and y are understood to mean grasping

"DARLINGS, I 'M ENGAGED. THIS DAMFOOL WANTS TO MARRY ME."

landlords and exploited tenants respectively, there is a difference especially when the child reaches the stage of eliminating *x*.

The use of Formulæ and Symbolical Expression will be an invaluable training for future street-corner speakers. Cubic roots will give little minds an intense yearning for the Golden Age when every man was a gardener; and the Highest Common Factor can serve as an excellent introduction to the study of the greatest good of the greatest number. Finally, setting a child to plot "points" is the surest way of making him plot something more drastic.

The revolutionary of the past lacked this mathematical background. "The Marseillaise" was composed by a man who did not know all there is to know about "chord properties." "The Red Flag" does not make the most of the rule of "inequalities." What a striking new verse could be made from the fact that any two sides of a triangle are together greater than a third side! Let once the people become imbued with the distinction between relative error and absolute error, then serfs will be replaced by surds and approximate evolution will dominate the world. S. L. R.

"Brighton is delicious in Spring. Come and drink in great draughts of sea and downland air."—*Advt. in Medical Paper.*

A mouthful of the former is enough for us.

"REVOKES: First revoke by any player: Loss of two tricks, and another brick for each subsequent one."—*Bridge Scorer.*

An ice-brick, we hope.

In a Good Cause.

THE good work undertaken by the Women's Holiday Fund, which sends away working women and their children from the poorer districts of London for a fortnight's rest and change at the seaside, is well known to readers of *Punch*, who have in past years liberally contributed to its support. In renewing his appeal for this most deserving charity Mr. Punch wishes to point out that the Society is in urgent need of financial assistance. Donations should be sent to the Secretary, Women's Holiday Fund, 76, Denison House, 296, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

Can You Do This?

A —— sat in his —— grey
Hearing the —— of leaves at play,
Watching the moonbeams' —— play.
Thou —— the weak,
Thou —— the strong,
To thee doth —— of great battles belong.
John Barleycorn, my King!

Only six letters are required.

At the Pictures.

CHALIAPINE AND LEROY.

FROM time to time remarks have been made under this heading about themes that are suitable for the screen and themes that are not; and in the latter class must always be put those stories in which any spiritual development needs to be slowly and minutely displayed. This is why I should most emphatically keep *Don Quixote* sacred from the camera, because in the space of an hour and a half there is no time to do more than show an elderly mediæval and foolishly impulsive Spaniard, looking too much like Uncle Sam, suffering indignities and humiliation, now and then bursting into song as though he were a Russian basso-profondo, and finally (and most unconvincingly) being caught on one of the sweeps of a windmill and whirled around until the spectator is well-nigh sick. Everything (except the singing) as in the story; and yet nothing as in the story, because, while CERVANTES was careful patiently to reveal the splendid yet

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

Sancho Panza . . . . . GEORGE ROBEY.

piteous frenzy of this noble gentleman, the gradual undermining of a generous intellect—half decay and half sublimation—and to carry us tenderly along with him, the mechanism of the film can merely swiftly assert and never prove.

My own guess is that *Don Quixote* was decided upon as a good subject to "shoot," because CHALIAPINE was tall and spare and available; but he seems to me to have missed the character and never to have made him lovable. EMIL JANNINGS (with the audience lenient as to his figure) could have done more with it; but "Hands off *Don Quixote!*" is what I should always say.

To people less exacting in their

THE FINAL HUMILIATION.
(No cue for song here.)

Don Quixote . . . . FEODOR CHALIAPINE.

demands the film at the Adelphi may be attractive, especially as so popular a comedian as GEORGE ROBEY wears *Sancho Panza's* clothes and rides *Sancho Panza's* ass, and has grown for the purpose *Sancho Panza's* beard. But between the screen *Don* and the screen *Squire* those subtle relations which have helped to make CERVANTES' novel the most famous secular book in the world are missing.

Apparently there is no standard age at which actors can become movie stars. The late FRED KERR had practically given up the ordinary stage before he was tempted to try the screen, when he immediately proved himself a master of its technique. That was when he was nearing the seventies, and now comes LEROY, a genuine *jeune premier*, to assist so accomplished a performer as MAURICE CHEVALIER to another triumph. Last week at Epsom we saw the gallant efforts of the three-year-olds; it is as a one-year-old that LEROY enters on his career: indeed younger than that, for he has not yet celebrated the first anniversary of his birth. But searching among the mature you will have difficulty in finding a better artist. I cannot overpraise the skill with which LEROY times his effects.

Since all the world loves a lover, and more than half the world loves a baby, *A Bedtime Story* must be in for a long run; but let me say at once, for the benefit of those who are not lured but embarrassed by organised indelicacies, that the management of the Carlton Theatre assumes too much when it advertises the film as though it demanded its audience to be "hard-boiled," and that such "naughtiness" as can be discovered—very superficial at that—is all finished with after the first few minutes. Thereafter it is just honest, almost idyllic farce, with the French comedian at his gayest, and HELEN TWELVETREES, his new leading-lady, pretty and sympathetic, and EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, as a valet, making an excellent foil.

But the real surprise is this accomplished newcomer to the films, LEROY. CHEVALIER we know; we know his every expression, his every gesture,

Baby LEROY (*thinking hard*). "I HOPE HE'S NOT GOING TO OVERDO HIS FAMOUS KISSING WITH ME."

René . . . . . MAURICE CHEVALIER.

his drooping lip, his broken English; and it is in order to see and hear all over again that we crowd to his every picture. But the genius of LEROY bursts on us like a meteor. Hasten, then, for it is possible that he may never play another part: not, that is, until he reappears in six or seven years' time as a Coogan.

E. V. L.

"St. ——'s. Recognised by the Board of Education, and the University of London. Headmistress: Miss ——. Standing 680 feet high."—*Advt. in Magazine.*

She sounds big enough to keep order.

Whither Away?

A Disgruntled Song.

I FREQUENTLY complain
That we cannot go again
To the lodgings where we used to stay of old;
There was no electric-light,
With a candle every night
I groped along the passage in the cold.

Chorus:

But travel is expensive and we can't go very far,
Or sail across the Channel to a fashionable spa;
It rains so much in Scotland, and it's often cold in Wales,
While on the way to Ireland there can be such dreadful gales;
And no hotel in England has a really moderate fee,
So what about the dear old rooms at Bumbledon-on-Sea?

The only easy-chair
Seemed sparsely stuffed with hair
From some very fusty prehistoric mammal;
While the dishes (hard to label)
Which sometimes graced the table
Would scarce have been accepted by a camel.

Chorus:

But whither shall we go instead? Last time we went to camp
We nearly caught pneumonia from sleeping in the damp.
We haven't got a motor, we're exhausted when we bike,
A caravan's a nuisance and we hardly want to hike;
Aunt Jane *might* ask us down to Rye—it's doubtful, we agree;
So what about the dear old rooms at Bumbledon-on-Sea?

When tired of beach excursions
(The chilliest diversions)
I could not seek a refuge in the bath,
For the horrible tin geyser
Was something of a teaser
And let off loud explosions in its wrath.

Chorus:

The time is drawing nearer and we really ought to choose;
We hate collective touring and we can't afford a cruise;
It looks as if we'll have to try the same old change of scene—
For Mrs. Stukes, with all her faults, was really very *clean*.
If you in August pass that way, well, just drop in to tea;
You'll find us in the dear old rooms at Bumbledon-on-Sea.

"HOLD YER CARDS IN, BEN—OI CAN ZEE UN."
"BUT IF OI HOLDS 'EM IN ANY MORE *OI* CAN'T ZEE UN."

Misleading Cases.

Rex v. *Cochran.*

(BEFORE MR. JUSTICE WOOL.)

SUMMING up to the jury in this case to-day, Mr. Justice Wool made an important pronouncement on the constitutional aspect of the Entertainments Duty. Mr. CHARLES B. COCHRAN asks for a declaration that persons attending his three current productions should not be required to pay Entertainment Tax, on the ground that they are "wholly educational" in character. The plays in question are a religious mime called *The Miracle*, an historical tragedy by the poet SHAKESPEARE, and a comic opera written by Mr. Albert Haddock.

His Lordship said:—

"It is surprising that the newspapers of our land do not give more attention to the Entertainments Duty and more support to those who agitate for its remission or reduction. For in essence it is dangerously similar to those Taxes on Knowledge which were remitted after a protracted struggle only eighty years ago: * taxes on the communication of minds, taxes on the distribution of information and ideas, taxes inimical to freedom of expression, and taxes levied with especial harshness upon the Newspaper Press. I refer to the Newspaper Stamp Act, repealed in 1855, the Advertisements Duty, remitted in 1853, the Paper Duty repealed in 1861, and the Security System for newspapers, not abolished till 1869.

"The position of the newspapers was then very similar to that of a theatrical manager to-day—suspected, licensed, controlled, taxed. They have enjoyed their liberties so long that they loosely suppose them to be part of the scheme of nature. But there is no powerful reason, except that of recent habit and practice, why all these burdens should not be reimposed by any Government which is anxious to obtain revenue or discipline opinion and has the necessary Parliamentary majority behind it.

"We cannot find, even now, any guarantee of the Freedom of the Press in any written enactment, though laymen often speak as if we could. We enjoy the rights of free expression in a negative sense only; that is to say, we are entitled to say what we like provided that we do not offend against the laws of blasphemy, sedition, libel, slander and obscene publications, upset the Lord Chamberlain, use threatening or abusive words or language calculated to cause a breach of the peace. There are many to-day who regard with jealousy and fear the liberties and powers of the Press, who would be glad to see its wealth diminished by taxes upon advertisements and paper, and think that no man should be able to wield the power of two or three popular papers without first giving some security for good behaviour in the form of a deposit or bond.

"If such measures are ever proposed to Parliament the startled owners of the newspapers will not be able to make the usual eloquent appeals to Magna Carta or to any principle of the Constitution that has the same unassailable character as the rights, for example, of personal freedom and fair trial and the control of taxation by the House of Commons.

"Therefore I repeat, it is strange if they do not show an active and fraternal interest in the struggles of the theatre. For there is, in the account of principle, no real distinction between the two institutions.

"Few newspapers exist to-day solely for the dissemination of news. More and more they stretch out their hands towards literature on the one hand and mere amusement on the other. It is impossible, without an abuse of language, to say that they are wholly educational in character or that they are not instruments of entertainment, and in many cases luxuries.

"Any argument which is used to justify the taxation of the theatre is applicable equally to the taxation of nearly every periodical. Some papers, it may be said, are more elevated in character than others; but so are many plays. Some theatrical entertainments are purely frivolous; but so are many papers. That is the mischief of taxation of this kind: the affairs of the mind are not uniform and measurable, like boots or bicycles. It is impossible in practice to draw a line above or below which the tax shall not be levied. And yet without such a line injustice must be done and enlightenment and education suffer. And therefore as nations advance in wisdom such taxes are cut down and finally swept away. It is disturbing that England, the leader of thought and enlightenment, should have retained such a tax for seventeen years.

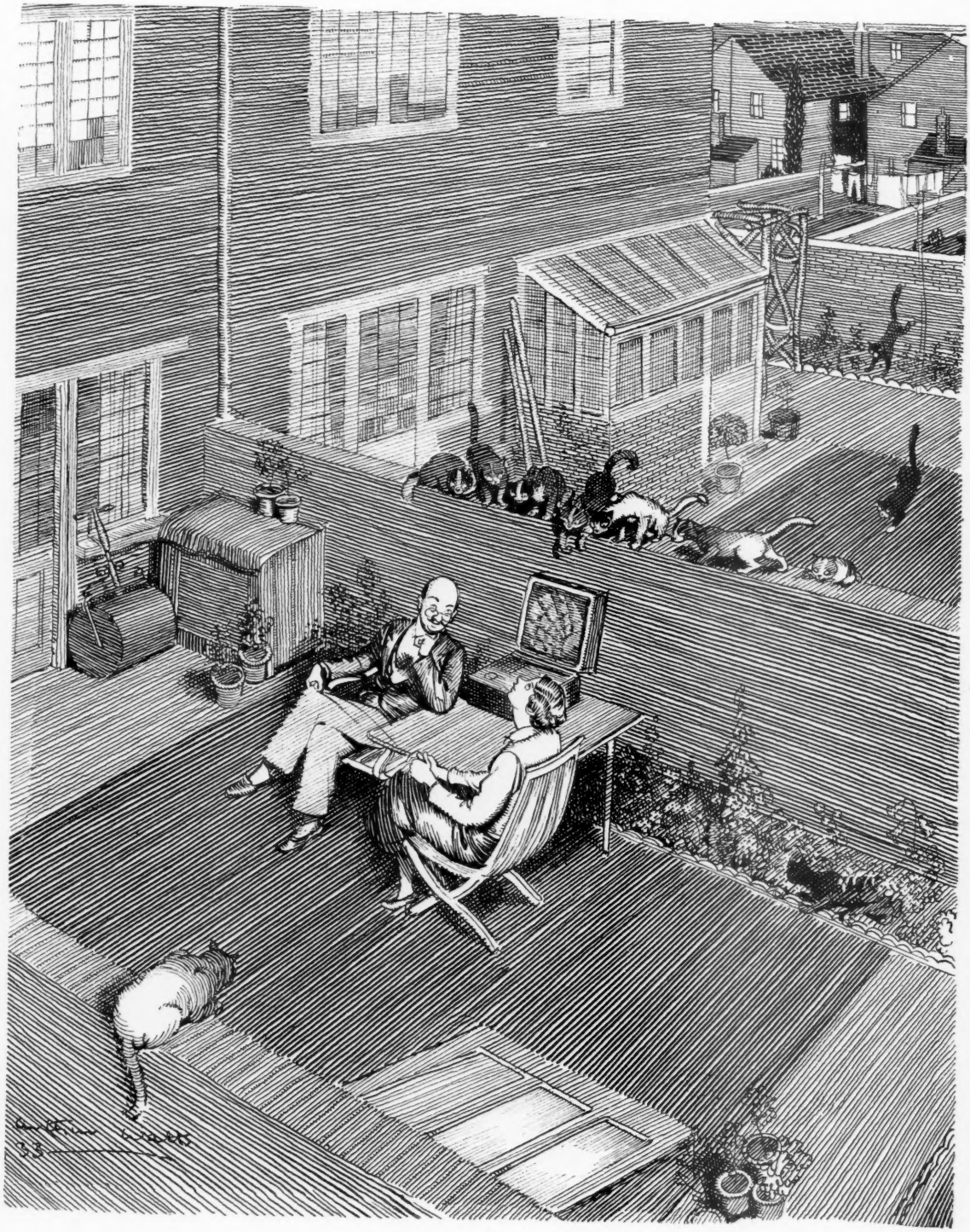
"The Entertainments Duty was first imposed by Section 1 of the Finance (New Duties) Act of 1916, when the Great War was raging, revenue was needed, and it was deemed an unseemly luxury to be publicly amused. The tax was one of those burdens which the trustful citizens patiently accepted in the stress of war, persuaded that at the close of hostilities they would be removed. It has not.

"'Entertainment' includes any exhibition, performance, amusement, game or sport to which persons are admitted for payment; so that in the same wide category are included a performance of *Hamlet* and the racing of dogs, a religious drama and a travelling circus, the fiddling of a KREISLER and the roaring of a caged lion, a game of cricket or a tragedy of IBSEN. So careless a classification, ignoring wholly the elements of mind and culture, may be forgiven to harassed statesmen in time of war, when the energies of all must be centred on securing victory. But to continue it unaltered in character or incidence for fifteen years of peace is indefensible.

"There are certain exemptions and exceptions. But these only fortify the adverse comments I have already made, for they reveal that the authorities know that the tax is a bad one. The duty is not charged where the 'entertainment' is 'of a wholly educational character' or is provided by a school not conducted for profit; nor where the entertainment is provided for educational or scientific purposes by a society not seeking to make a profit, or *with the object of reviving national pastimes;* nor is it charged in respect of entertainments consisting solely of the products of an industry, a display of skill by workers in an industry, or works of graphic art, sculpture and arts craftsmanship, executed and exhibited by persons who practise graphic art, sculpture or 'arts craftsmanship' *for profit* and as their main occupation; or of displays of skill by such persons in such arts or crafts.

"Two principles are dimly discernible here: (1) that what is 'educational' ought not to be taxed; and (2) that what is done for profit ought to be taxed. But then we have the queer cross-principle, as it were, that the exhibitions of those who paint, draw, model in clay or stone, or practise 'arts craftsmanship' need pay no tax, although the purpose of them is to make a profit. The explanation of which, presumably, is that these arts are recognised as things of the mind, almost 'educational' in character, and therefore ought not, *eo nomine*, to suffer

* See "History of the Taxes on Knowledge" (C. D. COLLET—*Thinkers' Library*).



THE NIGHTINGALE.

EMINENT NATURALIST GIVES A PRACTICAL PROOF OF THE FACT THAT A BEE LINE IS *NOT* INVARIABLY STRAIGHT.
A SCENE AT THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF APIARISTS.

a tax in an enlightened community. But why, then, if these arts are not to be taxed in a picture-gallery, should they be taxed upon the stage? Why is the man who exhibits in Bond Street an artist's 'Sketches for *Hamlet*' to go free, but the man who uses those sketches in a stage production of *Hamlet* to pay duty? There is no good answer to these questions, except that Parliament has failed to think clearly and now, after seventeen years, refuses obstinately to think again.

"I could detain you for a day or two with similar questions. What special value do His Majesty's Ministers attach to the art of sculpture that they exempt sculpture but make music pay? Why is the piano-player subject to duty but not the good Mr. EPSTEIN? And why, if Mr. COCHRAN exhibited Mr. EPSTEIN's works upon the stage would he then be subject to tax? And why are performances of actors not exempted either as (1) 'displays of skill by workers in the industry,' or (2) 'displays of skill by persons who practise arts craftsmanship for profit and as their main occupation'? Why is a dull lecture about SHAKESPEARE exempt but not a lively production of one of SHAKESPEARE'S plays? I cannot tell.

"The truth is, I suspect, that the legislators still retain in their minds, though not upon their tongues, the ancient notion that the playhouse is wicked and dangerous and ought by any means to be discouraged and put down. This is in essence the same notion that fought against printing, against literature and against the Press; which has opposed in turn each novel form of free expression; which rages now against the moving picture, and will soon be mobilised against television in the home. For various reasons, but especially the personal attraction of female actors, it has survived with particular obstinacy against the theatre. But it has only to be defied to be defeated.

"I am surprised that, before Mr. COCHRAN, no manager has made this wholesome challenge to the taxing power; though, according to the evidence, he is, above all, fitted to strike the first blow in a battle for enlightenment and the freedom of the arts. I think myself that he ought to succeed for more reasons than he has himself put forward. He might, for example, have said that his productions 'had the object of reviving a national pastime,' to wit the theatre, which, I was assured by the expert witnesses, is dead.

"Mr. COCHRAN, however, has chosen to found his claim upon the single plea that his entertainments are 'wholly educational' in character. Now, who is to say what is educational and what is not? The only answer we have so far comes from a man of no great education, Mr. Spink of the Inland Revenue Department. He said bluntly that the plays of SHAKESPEARE are not educational, although they are the subject of prolonged study in our schools and universities.

"I might impress upon you my own opinion, but I do not propose to do so. For I think that this is a question for the jury, and a great opportunity for the jury. One of the few written landmarks in the history of the struggle for freedom of expression is Mr. Fox's Libel Act, 1792. That Act, after hot dispute, finally laid down that in a prosecution for libel it was for the jury, not for the judge, to say whether the words complained of were libellous or not. Which seems a simple thing to you, but is of large importance, giving to the jury—that is, to the people—the real custody of free expression, because in a political trial, whatever the judge or His Majesty's Ministers may say about the prisoner, it is within the

powers of the jury to find that what he said was permissible, and acquit him.

"I suggest to you that you have in this case an opportunity not only to defend the right but to make constitutional history. I charge you to say whether these productions are educational or not, thinking of education not as the narrow field of school-books and examinations but as the whole wide world of mental enrichment; dismissing from your minds all transitory objections to the morals of this play or the intellectual value of that, but bearing in mind the general observations I have made concerning taxes on knowledge and the free communication of minds. The jury as an institution is falling into disfavour; you have a chance to show that it may still be useful and ought to be preserved."

The jury, without retiring, found that two of the entertainments were wholly educational in character, that the third was an effort to revive a national pastime, and that all should be exempt from tax.

His Lordship. Well done!

A. P. H.

The Perfect Caddie.

(From an Old Document.)

EFFACETH himself.

Complaineth not of the weight of the bagge, nor the number of clubbes therein, nor the rust upon the clubbe-heads.

Indulgeth not in practice-swings with my clubbes and substituteth not repaints for the new balles in the pocket of my bagge.

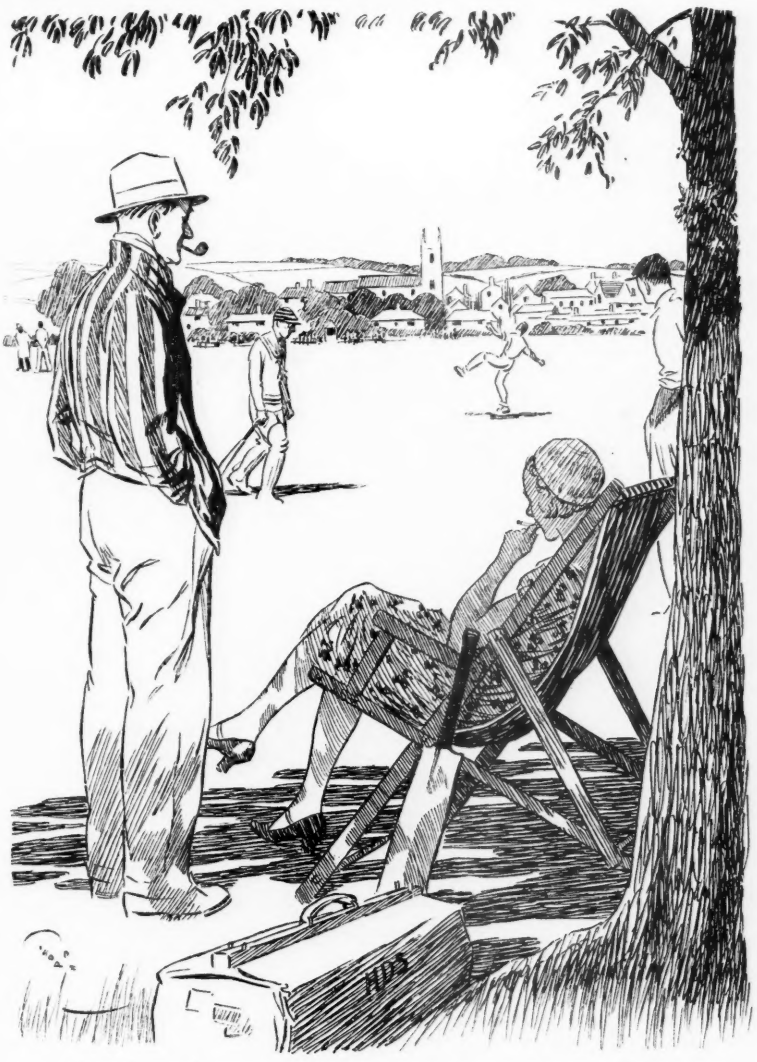
Maketh a goodly tee; not too high, lest I balloon, nor yet too low, for fear I top the balle

(but if I use a pegge of wood remembereth to recover it, that I may use it again and again, and not be constantly purchasing fresh boxes).

Observeth carefully the course of the ball, whether it fall near this tussock or in line with that bush, so that we always direct our steps straight to where it lieth and spend not half the day in searching.

Observeth equally the course of the opponent's balle, that we may say, "It lieth even farther back," or "to the left (or right)," or hold our peace, according to the state of the game.

Findeth also divers other balles, which he selleth to me cheaply.



"YOU WOULDN'T THINK THIS FELLOW COMING OUT HAS BEATEN THE RECORD—SEVEN DUCKS IN SEVEN CONSECUTIVE INNINGS."

Produceth not the iron when I call for the mashie, nor becometh morose when I am obstinate. Exulteth not when I get me only halfway with the mashie; nor saith, "Even so; it is manifest that the iron was the clubbe," nor appeareth to be saying so to himself.

Removeth the flagge unbidden and estimateth which of the two of us shall putte first. Decideth in favour of me, if possible, that haply I may lay the other side a stymie.

Talketh not, unless addressed by his master, or unless he observe the other side to have incurred a penalty concerning the which they clearly have a mind to hold their peace.

When I am putting standeth still and not in the line of my vision (which would disconcert me), but when the other side puttes remembereth not necessarily to do likewise.

Existeth not.

An Impending Apology.

"The new headquarters of the Birmingham Municipal Bank were insected this afternoon by about 100 members of the Birmingham Architectural Association and members of the Municipal Bank Committee."

Provincial Paper.

"Two homely Girls Wanted to run home."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

In this hot weather mightn't they just walk?

Small Girl (who has been given the wing of a chicken). "MOTHER, CAN'T I HAVE ANOTHER BIT? THIS IS NOTHING BUT HINGES."

Action and the Building Trade.

WE alighted from the car and stood there surveying all that messuage which comprises our new home. It is not a reach-me-down, ready-to-wear home. It is open, as we all are, to improvement. But with the help of Mr. Paving, the local builder, we hope—I say we hope——

"Has it occurred to you," asked Pamela suddenly, "that all Mr. Paving's expressions denote action—urgent immediate action? He was to *throw out* a window in the living-room; to *drive* a door through to the pantry; to *run* a pipe from the main; to *knock up* a garage. I remember his saying it—'I'll knock you up a garage in no time.'"

Before I could answer two men came slowly and thoughtfully round the corner of the house, each bearing a short length of piping.

"They are running a pipe," I murmured.

At the same moment a youth strolled up, had a good look at the outside of the living-room, and strolled away again.

"He is throwing out the window," I said.

We entered by the main portal into the dining-hall. In the corner one brick had been removed.

"That 's the door being driven through," I suggested.

Pamela made a grimace and we passed out through the kitchen, to come upon the "rich pasture land" (mostly nettles) where the garage was to be knocked up. There was no sign of it, and the notice "FOR SALE" still leaned precariously over the hedge.

There was a painful silence.

"We *must* be in in three weeks' time," said Pamela. "What do we do next?"

"I could go and bark like a savage dog," I hazarded. "It might start the pipe men running."

"They would only run away across the rich pasture and never come back."

"I could ring up Mr. Paving from the post-office," I said doubtfully.

"Yes, and attack him on his own lines. Tell him our furniture will shortly be bursting into view—— But, no, my dear, you're too mild. Mr. Paving will make some plausible excuse and you 'll say, 'We see your difficulties,' or something idiotic like that."

"Well, *you* ring him," I said tartly.

"I might," said Pamela. "He rather loves me. And I *did* rather love him. But for your sake, perhaps not. I know. A telegram."

The telegram took fifteen strenuous minutes to compose. At last we had it to our satisfaction. It ran:—

"You promised run pipe drive door throw out window knock up garage no running driving throwing out or knocking up visible at present situation extremely critical you must be out in three weeks or gravest consequences."

We had a bit of an argument over the end. I was just saying, "But you must say what the gravest consequences will *do*. You can't just leave them——" when a shadow darkened the doorway. It was Mr. Paving.

Pamela rose. "We were just going to send you this telegram," she said stiffly.

Mr. Paving took it, read it, scratched his head, read it again.

"We see your difficulties," I began.

Pamela hasn't forgiven me yet.

A. W. B.

"Chauffeur-Gardener Requires Change, total abstainer, non-smoker; experienced in both."—*Daily Paper.*

There 's no one so reliable as the reformed rake.

THE ASTRONOMERS.

MR. PUNCH. "WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, STOUT CORTEZ?"
SPHERICAL PARTY. "A NEW PLANET HAS SWUM INTO SOUTH KEN."

[The World Economic Conference opens on June 12th, at the recently-built Geological Museum, in Exhibition Road, S.W.]

Essence of Parliament.

Friday, May 26th.—The Foreign Office Vote—a matter of a paltry £120,000 or so—is a mere bagatelle as Departmental Votes go, but the Foreign Secretary's statement is generally an interesting one, and would never be fixed for a Friday, traditionally devoted to the somewhat perfunctory end of a perfect five-day week, except as a matter of convenience. What Foreign Secretaries did before mechanical science enabled them to take unto themselves wings one cannot think. The answer presumably is that in those unregenerate days they had no spiritual home from home in the shape of Geneva to keep them on the move.

Sir JOHN SIMON commenced his speech with a word of modest praise for the British disarmament plan, which the General Commission of the Disarmament Conference had unanimously accepted as a basis of discussion, and which had subsequently been accepted by many of the nations not merely as a basis of discussion but as an actual framework on which to weave the detailed pattern of disarmament. The plan involved two parts, the first dealing with security, the second with disarmament in its literal sense. Mr. NORMAN DAVIS had sought to postpone the discussion on Part I. in view of the PRESIDENT'S forthcoming message to the world, which was actually made known on May 16th.

Sir JOHN praised the American declaration that if the other States in conference determined that a certain State had violated its obligations and if America agreed with their finding, then America would "refrain from any action tending to defeat such collective effort which the States may thus make to restore peace." This, Sir JOHN pointed out, was in effect a conditional abandonment of the long recognised rights and duties of neutrals and was in fact an acceptance of the proposition originally enunciated by GROTIUS as long ago as the seventeenth century that a neutral "should do nothing to strengthen the belligerent whose cause was unjust."

On the strength of this declaration it had become necessary to amend the formula of Part I. of the British plan to make room in it for the American view—one which must appeal to the British, though perhaps not to the Continental mind—which insisted that America must be allowed to decide for itself whether a State was an aggressor or not.

The FOREIGN SECRETARY then touched briefly on Herr HITLER'S declaration, statesmanlike and moderate in tone but still requiring the confirmation of deeds; on Herr NADOLNY'S withdrawal of the German amendment, which would have had a "shattering effect" on the prospects of the Disarmament Conference; and on the "high example" of Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, a perfect glutton for work, who saw no reason to adjourn for Whitsun week. He then summed up the British policy under five heads, the most important of which, as the House

A "STAR" TURN.
THE FOREIGN SECRETARY DISPLAYS HIS FIVE POINTS.

no doubt thought, was that this country was undertaking no more unilateral disarmament.

Mr. LANSBURY began by referring to GROTIUS as the first writer who had "advocated that Christian principles should apply to international law." "He was a theologian," interposed Sir JOHN SIMON. "He might very well be," agreed Mr. LANSBURY, whose knowledge of those who

> ". . . prove their doctrines orthodox
> By apostolic blows and knocks"

is less historical than it might be.

Mr. LANSBURY pointed out that after three hundred years the Christian principles advocated by the learned Dutch jurist had still to be applied. It was clear from his subsequent remarks that he has little hope of their being applied in the future. What was the good of the nations agreeing to this and that, to a Pact here and a Treaty there, when they never kept their agreements? Look at Japan. Mr. LANSBURY spent most of the rest of his speech looking at Japan. This was a splendid message of President ROOSEVELT'S, but President WILSON'S Fourteen Points were equally impressive.

Sir AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN found himself in a somewhat more optimistic mood than when he last viewed in the House the storm-clouds hanging black—or should one say red, white and black?—over Europe. Unlike Mr. LANSBURY, Sir AUSTEN attached great value to the American declaration. It was true that America meant to judge for herself which nation was an aggressor and which not, but we reserved a similar right under the Treaty of Locarno, and every State on the Council of the League also reserved the right of individual judgment under the Covenant and the Constitution of the League.

After divagating briefly (with the help of quotations from Señor DE MADARIAGA) to a psychological comparison of the English and French mentalities, Sir AUSTEN returned to his muttons, or rather to the vocal moderation of Herr HITLER and the "terrible speech" of Herr VON PAPEN. We must go cautiously with disarmament, was his summing-up of the situation, until a new spirit prevailed.

The Back-Benchers now took up the running and made no secret of the fact that what stuck in their craw, as the phrase goes, was the new Hitlerite Germany.

Mr. EMRYS-EVANS said so mildly. Mr. COCKS said it forcibly and with a wealth of chapter and verse. One gathered that talking peace to Germany was about as useful as offering acid-drops to an infuriated rhinoceros and that Europe's only hope of peace, disarmament or no disarmament, depended upon an ironclad copper-bottomed Pact that left the potential aggressor faced with the practical certainty of having to face a world in arms. Colonel WEDGWOOD said much the same thing in more philosophical terms and Mr. JANNER spoke at some length on German persecution of the Jews and treated the House to a new version of an old epigram—

> "When Adam delved and Eve span
> Who was then the Aryan?"

Then Sir HERBERT SAMUEL, still clutching the inviolable shade of COBDEN, turned the debate into economic channels, to which Sir JOHN SIMON replied in effect that the British delegates would not go into the Economic Conference as dogmatists.

Monday, May 29th.—Major ELLIOT, replying to several Members, made an important statement about milk—not the milk of human kindness, which is of no consequence in current international affairs, but the skimmed, condensed and otherwise processed milk of human ingenuity. The gist of the answer was that the foreign countries exporting these articles to Great Britain had agreed to limit their exports to eighty per cent. of the quantities sent here last year. This would enable the domestic producers to continue producing the same quantities as at present. Members questioned whether this reduction, amounting to from two to two-and-a-half per cent. of the nation's total milk consumption, would help the farmers very much. Major ELLIOT thought it would help a lot. He added, in answer to Captain TODD, that he had arranged for a Joint Committee, representing all the parties concerned, to discuss arrangements for fixing the price of milk. Miss HORSBURGH raised the question of wrappers for imported chilled meat. Presumably the more popular morning papers have become insufficiently chilly for the purpose.

The House concluded the Report Stage of the Agricultural Marketing Bill, interest centring chiefly in a new Clause moved by the MINISTER to set up what he described as a "business-like Committee which should be able to address itself to the day-to-day working of the schemes." He thought that seven was the ideal number for such a Committee. A Labour Amendment to require the Market Supply Committee to take into consideration the conditions of employment and standards of living of agricultural labourers was vigorously argued by the Opposition but successfully resisted by the MINISTER on the ground that this matter was best left to the Agricultural Wage Boards.

A livelier opposition was raised by Sir HERBERT SAMUEL and his trusty troupe of Liberal watchdogs of the liberty of the citizen against the insertion of a sub-section providing that

"The making of an Order in pursuance of this section shall be conclusive evidence that the requirements of this Act have been complied with, and that the Order and the scheme approved thereby have been duly made and approved and are within the powers conferred by this Act."

MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.
THE MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.

Sir HERBERT pointed out that this sort of provision was not new (actually it first cropped up in the Housing Act of 1909), but that of late many learned persons, including the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE (in his book, *The New Despotism*), had raised the strongest objections to this Departmental usurpation of legislative and judicial functions.

Either because the Conservative Party thinks the country wants more bureaucracy and less politics or because Members failed to grasp the importance of the matter, the Liberals were only able to win a solitary Conservative supporter in the person of Sir WILFRED SUGDEN to their cause, and the sub-section was duly carried. Its theoretical effect is that if a Minister makes an Order requiring all bacon-producers to wear brown bowler-hats it cannot be challenged as *ultra vires* in any court of law.

Tuesday, May 30th.—The hardships imposed on British manufacturers by unfair foreign competition, tariffs, embargoes, discriminatory surtaxes and other restrictions exercised the questioning minds of Members to an unusual extent. Mr. KIRKWOOD reached the high-water-mark of justifiable complaint when he asked the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE if he were aware that Japanese free-wheel clutches were being imported into this country at one-third the cost of manufacture here, and wrapped in packages bearing the figmentary name of "The Free Engineering Company, Ltd., Wolverhampton."

It certainly looks as if the international trade bicycle needs to be fitted with a British brake.

Mr. LANSBURY, in a Private Notice Question, endeavoured to extract from the Government a statement of its unalterable views on the question now before the Disarmament Conference of bombing from the air.

Mr. BALDWIN coldly declined to be hypothetical. Britain, he explained, had clearly stated her point of view at Geneva, and expected during the coming week to try to get it accepted by the rest of the Conference.

Mr. SKELTON, moving the Third Reading of the Agricultural Marketing Bill, contented himself with inviting the Opposition to say what they thought of it. Mr. TOM WILLIAMS responded with alacrity. The Opposition thought very little of it for the reason that, whatever the Government might call it, it was not a Marketing Bill but an Imports Restrictions Bill.

RAMESES MACDONALD ADVANCING AT THE HEAD OF HIS HOST IS DEFENDED BY HIS ARMOUR-BEARER.

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Green, me sister 's a far *better* cook than wot I am. Yer see she' s 'ad lessons at the School of Heconomics."

My Raiders.

When night has left the meadows and her shadows are withdrawn,
When the sun has lit the ramparts of their towers,
When the diamond dew has vanished from the dandelioned lawn,
Then my Borderers make foray on the flowers.
To return again from raiding
With their wealth of golden lading
To be gathered into banquet-hall and bowers.

There is not a wayside blossom, be it blue or white or gold,
But has opened to the onset of their spears;
There is not a garden tulip or a cowslip on the wold
But has yielded to my belted buccaneers.
With a chanting or a chiding
You can hear my raiders riding
Like their prototypes in long-forgotten years.

They leave no women weeping and they set no keeps a-fire,
They bow to no March Warden or his men,
Raiding England, robbing Scotland, as their restless hearts desire
And then sweeping home in triumph ten by ten.
As I watch my bold marauders
Sailing out across the Borders
In their humming I can hear the hoofs again! W. H. O.

Deceived.

I ALWAYS read the Agony Column of my newspaper, just as you do, and so one morning my eye fell upon the following advertisement, just as yours probably did:—

GREEN EYES,—I bumped into you at Hyde Park Corner and did not apologise, as I might have done. May I explain now that the reason was not lack of courtesy but owing to the fact that I was lost in the depths of your lovely green eyes? Am I forgiven?—BARBARIAN.

Naturally I did not expect that anyone would reply to this fatuous ass. After all, everyone has been bumped into at Hyde Park Corner, and if one person replied a hundred-and-fifty might equally do so without the real person being included in that number. However, the following morning I saw this:—

BARBARIAN,—They're really hazel, but they look green when I'm dressed in green. Which of you was it?—GREEN EYES.

This, I surmised, would bring forth a spate of answers, but I was wrong again, for there was only one. It ran:—

GREEN EYES,—Oh, cruel, cruel! Do all men drown in your translucent depths? Yet after you frowned you smiled on me. Then was the sun upon the waters. Say you remember me.—BARBARIAN.

Now, I wondered, will the girl play up or will she acknowledge that she has no recollection of the youth by allowing the matter to drop and silence to speak for itself? "GREEN EYES" was more artful than I thought. At breakfast next day I read:—

BARBARIAN,—If you're the one that trod on my toe and snapped the handle of my umbrella—yes, I remember you.—GREEN EYES.

"Minx!" thought I. "She wants a new umbrella and has thought of a way to get one. I hope 'BARBARIAN,' although he's an ass and deserves all he gets, won't rise to this." However, he must have been a simple soul, for he did:—

GREEN EYES,—I am prostrate with grief and contrition. I had no idea the damage was so great. Yet the damage to myself was permanent, and even if I replace the umbrella you cannot, I fear, restore to me my heart. Where shall I send it?—BARBARIAN.

This struck me as over-bold. The girl was unlikely to publish her address. She might, of course, give a club address or a monomark, but that would not be playing fair. The youth had already squandered good money on his advertisements in the hope, obviously, of meeting her again. To take more and give nothing in return would not be just.

In spite of the green eyes the girl was obviously honest, for the following morning she fixed up an appointment. I would have gone to see fair play had not pressure of work prevented me. I regretted that this would obviously conclude the correspondence and that my breakfast Agony would know them no more.

But apparently something went wrong and they missed each other, for "BARBARIAN" was again stricken with grief and still in possession of the umbrella. Couldn't something be done about it?

The next day there was no Agony. Had the girl gone abroad suddenly, or had her parents got wind of the affair? I thought of the umbrella awaiting delivery and wondered what the lad would do with it if "GREEN EYES" passed out of his life for ever.

I almost grabbed my paper next day. It was Saturday, and if there was any appointment fixed I knew I should be free. I only wanted to look on from a distance and make sure that the umbrella reached its owner, or, alternatively, that the owner-to-be confessed about her own being intact. I saw this:—

BARBARIAN,—Was suddenly shy. Silly of me, wasn't it? Were you the tall one in the grey hat? You looked rather a lamb. Meet me at the corner of Surrey Avenue, Hampstead East, at four-forty-five to-day.—GREEN EYES.

I took a bus. After a week in the City I wanted a breath of air, I told myself, and I might just as well travel on top of a bus to Hampstead East as anywhere else.

When I reached the corner of Surrey Avenue I thought at first that there must have been an accident. Then we got a little nearer and I saw a huge placard in front of some very tall buildings. This is what I read:—

"GREEN EYES" AND "BARBARIAN" WERE MARRIED THIS MORNING. AFTER THEIR HONEYMOON THEY WILL BE OCCUPYING ONE OF THESE ATTRACTIVE AND CONVENIENT FLATS AT A MODERATE RENTAL. BEDROOM, BATHROOM, KITCHEN, MAIN DRAINAGE. LARGER FLATS FOR FAMILIES ON VIEW ROUND THE CORNER. DO NOT GO AWAY DISAPPOINTED, BUT VIEW THEM NOW.

I wonder if you also were amongst the crowd?

House Property.

NOT ours to contemplate the lovely ladies,
Of charms abundant and of raiment scant;
Not ours to turn the leaves to where displayed is
"The Shooting Party of the Duke of Kant";
The fashion pages but evoke our strictures,
And limbs upon the Lido leave us cold;
But how we love to pore above those pictures
Of English homesteads "To be Let or Sold"!

We read descriptions: on a closer viewing
We know that facts might break our fancy's spell,
That agents have a trick of overdoing
The charms of what their clients bid them sell;
But with eight thousand miles of ocean lying
Between us and each manor, cot and farm,
The plumbing question ceases to be trying;
We only feel the beauty and the charm.

Which shall we choose? That ancient Cotswold dwelling?—
I love their grey stone and their lichened slate;
But you've a fancy for the downland swelling,
You like that mansion in its own estate.
A modern house near Town? Convenient, very;
But I could love that Devon garden plot,
That river cottage just beside the ferry;
I think—yes, in our dreams—we'll buy the lot.

For we, alas! in bungalows have our dwelling,
'Mongst furniture the last man left behind,
Which we in turn will soon be gladly selling—
The beastly stuff was never to our mind.
But, gazing at these photographs elates us
With thoughts that exile will at length be passed;
Somewhere the perfect English house awaits us;
We shall retire and have a home at last!

New Arrival. "LET'S GO ON SOMEWHERE ELSE, DARLING. THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO ONE HERE."

In Defence of Breakfast in Bed.

THE melancholy and, I have no doubt, misguided veto recently imposed by the South African Davis Cup selectors upon their team, to the effect that they shall not take breakfast in bed during the present tour, impels me to a few words which have been long overdue.

The South African selectors are in a privileged position, and if they took it into their heads to insist on their team wearing bombazine next to the skin they would probably have to be obeyed. I should not greatly care. What distresses me about their action is that it is symptomatic of a widespread attitude which no one has ever bothered to oppose.

It is, in fact, high time that the early-rising lie was nailed to the bedstead, and the age-old confusion between sanctity and the dawn dispelled. The reason that so far all the publicity has gone to the drab army of early risers is simply that as a body they show an extraordinary intolerance in the pursuit of their fetish. They are suspiciously self-conscious about it. You can scarcely pick up a newspaper that does not contain an aggressive statement, by some ruthless egotist who has elbowed his way to the forefront of the tintack world, that he owes his all to an inflexible habit of rising with the lark or sparrow or some other of Nature's itinerant alarm-clocks. Yet how often do you read in the memoirs of a celebrity that breakfast-in-bed has made him what he is? Never. And this is simply because the man who breaks his fast in bed is a peaceable philosophic chap, with none of the crusading spirit in his composition, who does not mind what the rest of the world does in the morning so long as it leaves him in peace. Suspended on a comfortable mattress, absorbing poached haddock and the first leader in that absolute calm essential to their enjoyment, the thought of the millions leaping into cold baths and munching in comatose groups is just so much sauce on his plate.

The early-rising ramp is based on two main fallacies: one that the hours immediately succeeding the dawn are a time of beauty; the other that in some inexplicable way it improves a man spiritually to be up and about in them. The answer to the first is that in this country dawn generally occurs in a curiously penetrating drizzle, when the ground is wet, the wind deceptively chill and the air heavy with the unintelligible cries of the brute-world; to the second that, the early morning being the period when human frailty is nearest the surface and the harsh word escapes the saint most easily, segregation is the only sane policy. The answer to the minor fallacy that a man's usefulness bears some direct relation to the number of hours he spends on his feet is merely that if a man were never to go to bed at all he would shortly be dead.

A man I know sleeps and breakfasts in a sound-proof bedroom from which he emerges only when the warmth of the day has tempered the exacerbation of his fellows. This is perhaps going a little too far. But we who prefer to inure ourselves as gradually as possible to the day's rigours only ask exemption from the missionary efforts of the fiery people of the dawn. So far as we are concerned the early bird is welcome to his worm so long as it keeps him quiet.

ERIC.

Homer Nods.

"ESSENTIALS OF CORRECT ENGLISH.
By A. S. ——. It is the author's aim to so train the pupil in the essentials that he can neither forget them or fail to use them in ordinary speech or writing. 7/6."
Advt. in Weekly Paper.

"*Athletics.*
ANGLO-ITALIAN MEETING.
POPE WINS THE WALK."
Headlines in Sunday Paper.

MUSSOLINI was not placed.

At the Play.

"WILD DECEMBERS" (APOLLO).

Wild Decembers is not cut to the shape of an academically satisfactory stage-play—perhaps Miss CLEMENCE DANE is too honest an historian and biographer to attempt the necessary adjustments. And one rather wonders what the younger generation, which has never read *Jane Eyre* or *Wuthering Heights* and has escaped the passionate advocacy of the late CLEMENT SHORTER, makes of this unhappy chronicle. For the rest of us, Miss DANE's brilliant summary and sensitive commentary have a real value heightened by a remarkably intelligent and vivid production by Mr. BENN LEVY, and an exceptionally high standard of individual and of team playing. The spirit of the period has been most happily recreated by Mrs. RAYMOND PALEY in the costumes and the *décor*.

As for Miss DIANA WYNYARD (*Charlotte Brontë*), nothing I have seen of her work prepared me for the depth of feeling shown in her finely-sustained, closely-observed and admirably-controlled and varied performance. This, I realise, is because her beauty naturally leads to her being cast for parts of no great significance, and it is fortunate for her that Mr. COCHRAN's shrewd sense of real values gives her this opportunity of showing the true metal of her talent.

The chronicle covers the thirteen years, 1842–1855, in thirteen scenes, of which nine are set in the shabby parlour of the Haworth parsonage, three in Brussels, to give us an interesting glimpse of the friendship of *Charlotte* with her beloved master, *M. Heger*, who had so great an influence on her life, and one in the offices of *Smith, Elder*, whither *Charlotte* has gone to confound the critics and declare the separate identities and the sex of ELLIS, CURRER and ACTON BELL.

The story follows closely the known facts; the characters are much as we have imagined them—*Charlotte* practical, dutiful, managing, ambitious, with passion running deep underneath; *Emily* silent, farouche, pitiful to lame dogs; *Anne* a gentle shadow. Miss DANE steers a course between the least and the most favourable of the BRANWELL legends. Here *Emily* is his sympathiser and defender, *Charlotte* his remorseless critic. The suggestion that an unfinished story of his gives *Emily* the general idea of *Wuthering Heights* is apparently accepted, and to him is given credit for the poignant detail of the wrist sawing upon the broken window-pane in that unforgettable visit of *Catherine Linton's* pitiful ghost.

BRANWELL LOSES HIS SPIRITS.

Branwell . . . . . MR. EMLYN WILLIAMS.
Emily . . . . . MISS BEATRIX LEHMANN.

He is presented rather as a victim, an invalid and a romantic than a young ruffian; but for *Charlotte* there were not such interpretations of his wild and inconvenient excesses.

The author's need to compress her material into the conventional three-hour space constrains her to the selection of incidents that will suggest more than is explicitly unfolded, and much is left to the intelligence and discretion of the players. Old *Mr. Brontë* makes but brief appearances, and Mr. MARCUS BARRON's skilful portrait of the quick-tempered, harsh-seeming but deeply-affectionate old man makes us regret this. No more space is allotted to the *Rev. Arthur Nichols*. Whether the cruel disdain with which *Charlotte* treated this abject adorer is according to the warrant of the facts I do not know, but this reading gave to Mr. RALPH RICHARDSON opportunity for a most sensitively-felt character-study of a man who would have been a mere figure of fun but for his deep sincerity, passion, fundamental goodness and disinterested service. It was pleasant to see how completely the actor had emptied out his own personality and assumed that of this admirable gawk.

ALWAYS COMING IN AND GOING OUT.

The Rev. Patrick Brontë . . . MR. MARCUS BARRON.

Miss BEATRIX LEHMANN was most effective as *Emily*, with hard expressionless face transfigured by her rare smile, and her bitter resentment of any attempt by her sisters to get within her defences. Mr. EMLYN WILLIAMS (*Branwell*) gave us an interesting study of a temperament; while the Brussels episode offered Mr. AUSTIN TREVOR (*M. Heger*) scope for his admirable sense of character and his accomplished French. Nor must one overlook the quiet self-effacing portrait of *Anne* by Miss THEA HOLME, who might so easily have played herself more into the picture to the ruin of its balance.

The story holds us completely till the last scene but one, the appearance of *Charlotte* on the eve of her wedding in her bridal dress—a concession to romance, and perhaps also to historic integrity in the introduction of two authentic characters from her life-story, characters of no dramatic interest whatever. And here I began to feel a certain weariness that is incident to the episodic method.

In the final scene interest is restored. It ends on the tragic note that is artistically appropriate. *Branwell* and *Emily* and *Anne* are dead, and the doctor breaks to anxious father and anguished husband the mournful news that *Charlotte* has little time to live. . . .

This is not a play that should be lightly missed. The history of this gifted and unhappy family is tragedy ready-made, and one has a sense of

having looked upon real, not simulated, griefs—at such a distance of time as not to make it an unwarrantable intrusion. T.

"MARTINE" (AMBASSADORS).

If a clever authoress had not already patented the idea for appraising her own satirical purple patches, and I were free to award stars, as the guide-books do, then I should allow this play the maximum so that it might rank even with those palaces which claim "300 *brms. h. and c. S.R.* 10/6—21/- *I.B., etc.*"—not because there is a shred of pretension about it but for the reason that it is something to which the notice of the intelligent public should be drawn.

In his own words, the view of JEAN-JACQUES BERNARD, of whose play this is a translation, is that "the theatre above all is the art of the unexpressed. It is less according to the rejoinders themselves than by the effect of the rejoinders that the most profound sentiments ought to be revealed." His method, in fact, is not to say exactly what he means in so many words, but to throw out to his audience the subtlest of suggestions from which they can fill in the picture for themselves. Clearly this places an extraordinary responsibility on the cast. Badly acted, this play would be unthinkable, but acted as it is here it is a little gem which it would be the greatest pity to miss.

The story is of the simplest and of the oldest. A young journalist, *Julien*, newly demobilised, goes for a short holiday to stay with his grandmother at a village near Paris. He is a weak, selfish but not unattractive youth, whose poetic sensibilities and exterior have triumphed remarkably over three years as a warrior. He falls instantly for the little girl next-door, *Martine*, a farmer's daughter; she is trusting and uncoy, and knows love for the first time. *Julien* is no seducer, but a romantic philanderer, which is almost as bad. Only when he takes her to a window to show her a cornfield which inspires him to quote a certain verse, and *Martine*, who has worked in cornfields all her life, naturally laughs, does he realise how fatally different are their points of view. It is the old story of the undergraduate's erudition cutting no ice with the tobacconist's daughter.

Jeanne, to whom *Julien* had been vaguely engaged before his service abroad, pays a visit. *Julien* leads her to the window, shows her the cornfield and starts quoting, but *Jeanne* cuts in and completes the quotation herself. That moment is really the end of poor little *Martine's* chances. *Julien* and *Jeanne* marry and live with his grandmother. *Martine*, next-door, is tortured by *Julien's* presence and by his indifference, and yet is always running in, her dumb agony being infinitely tragic and at the same time infinitely boring to *Julien*. *Jeanne* understands, but is driven against her better nature to wound *Martine* by constant references to *Julien*. In the end the couple go back to Paris, leaving a pathetic *Martine* married to a kindly rustic oaf.

NOT A DRY MARTINE.

Martine . . . . . MISS VICTORIA HOPPER.
Jeanne . . . . . MISS ROSALINDE FULLER.
Julien . . . . . MR. HUBERT GREGG.

VERY MILD POETIC LICENCE.

Marie . . . . . MISS MARY GLYNNE.
Fontancy . . . . . MR. ROGER LIVESEY.

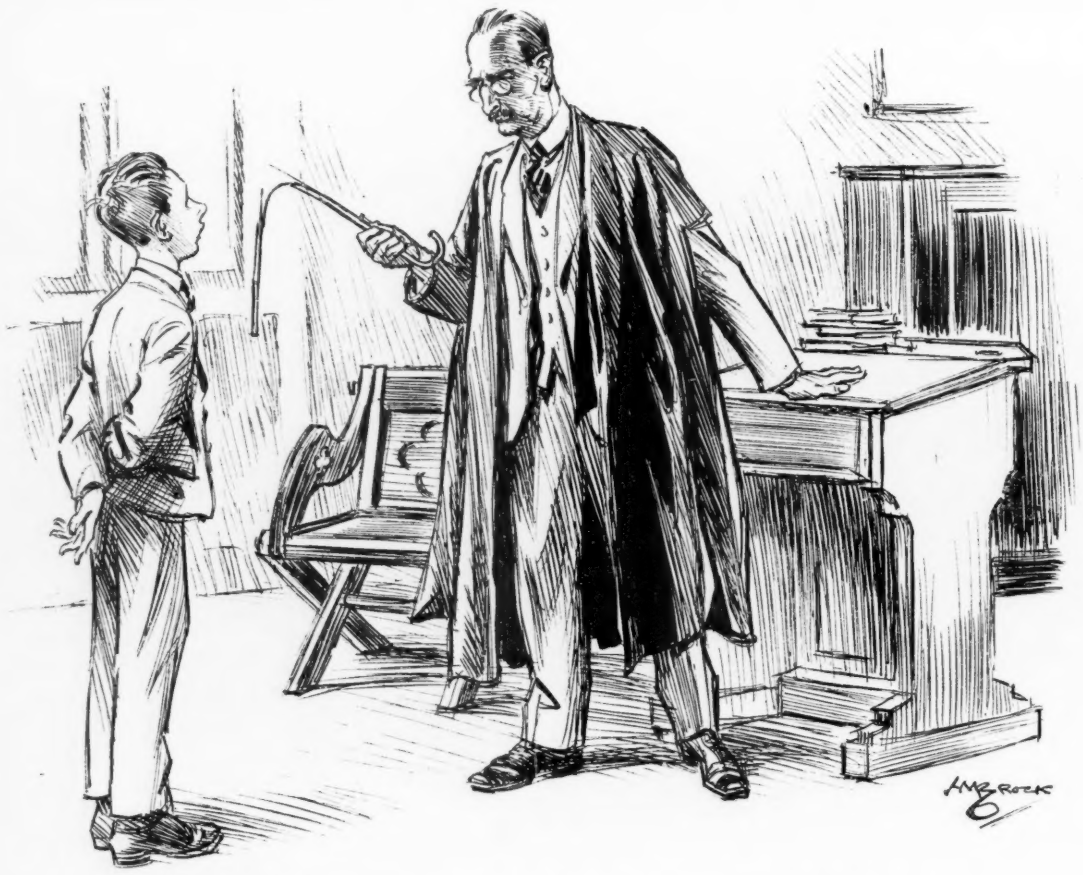
With this slender and well-worn thread M. BERNARD has woven something quite out of the common run. The play might have been especially written for Miss VICTORIA HOPPER, who played *Martine* with an exquisite simplicity and restraint. She is very young and at her first appearance it would be rash to hail her as a great actress; but I would not have cared to see her performance altered in any way. She is entirely free from mannerism and her freshness and sincerity are delightful.

Miss HILDA TREVELYAN gave us a charming portrait of the lonely, shrewd, gold-hearted grandmother; Miss ROSALINDE FULLER adapted herself creditably to the difficult part of *Jeanne*; Mr. HUBERT GREGG as *Julien* was good, though he might perhaps have accentuated his emotions a little more; and Mr. ROGER LIVESEY filled in the character of the decent peasant very skilfully. While Miss SUSAN RICHMOND is to be congratulated on her extremely sensitive production.

Although it was only intended to be a trifle, a curtain-raiser by the same author illustrated a good many of the faults to which his method is open. It was about a young lady who was known to nineteenth-century Paris, the programme said, as "The Muse of the Arsenal." She was not a football-fan, however, but an inspiration to the big literary guns who visited her father, *Charles Nodier* the writer; as Miss MARY GLYNNE would surely have been too, who took her part in a very lovely green dress. ERIC.

"For those romantic, moonlit nights you'll feel your very daintiest in this dress of plaid chiffon, with its crisp shoulder bows of organdie. The strips of organdie for the bows could be wound round your menu card when you take off the frock."
Fashion Paper.

But not until you get home.



Schoolmaster (discovering broken cane). "CAN YOU EXPLAIN THIS, SIMMONS?"
Boy. "YES, SIR, DISARMAMENT PROPAGANDA."

The Cricket Story.

"SUMMER has come," said the Editor, chafing his hands to restore the circulation. "Why don't you write me a nice cricket story?"

"There's no drama in cricket," said the Author despondently.

"Pish!" said the Editor. "The game simply teems with drama. What could be more dramatic than a race against the clock? Last man in, ten runs wanted, two minutes to go and—"

"—rain stops play," agreed the Author. "I know that one. You misunderstand me. When I say there's no drama, I mean there are no villains to make a plot."

"Who says so?"

"The public. All cricketers are perfect gentlemen. It isn't cricket to be anything else."

The Editor unravelled this. "Go away," he said peevishly, "and write me a real-life story about a cricketer who is no better than he ought to be."

"Nobody will believe it," objected the Author.

"Go away, anyhow," said the Editor.

* * * * *

"Darling," said the Author's wife some evenings later, "what are you doing?"

"I am writing a cricket story."

"How nice! It makes me think of Mote Park."

"It makes me think of Maidstone too," he admitted.

"How far have you got with it?"

"Oh, I have served about half my sentence."

The Author's wife pondered this. "Isn't it going very well?" she asked at length.

"It is not going at all," he said; "I am stuck."

"Why?"

"Because the cricketer won't do what I want him to."

"What do you want him to do?"

"Water the pitch."

"Water the pitch! What for?"

"To enable him to get some cheap wickets, of course. He has recklessly wagered a large sum that he will do so on the morrow. If he loses the wager he will be ruined and there will be nothing for it but for him to join his unsportsmanlike uncle in the soft goods trade."

"I see," said the Author's wife thoughtfully. "But is there any reason why he shouldn't get these cheap wickets?"

"Every reason, as things are at present. The country is in the grip of a drought and the wicket is of the cast-iron variety, quite unsuited to his type of bowling. His only hope is that overnight it shall be damaged in some way. Rain is extremely unlikely. The sky is cloudless and the weather experts have confidently prophesied a deluge."

"So you want him to water the pitch?"

"Yes. He is supposed to be a villain, and it is the only villainous thing to do."

"But how can he? He doesn't sleep on the cricket-ground, does he?"

"No, but he has access to it at any hour. His county secretary has thoughtlessly provided him with a latch-key to the private entrance round the back of the pavilion."

"But where can he get some water in the middle of the night?"

"That is simple enough. There is also a tap round the back of the pavilion, and under the tap there is a watering-can. He has previously made a note of all this."

"He will have to get across to the pitch without being seen."

"He has already done so. It is a dark moonless night, and the groundsman, a heavy sleeper, has just buried his watch-dog."

The Author's wife drew a deep breath. "Well," she said, "all he's got to do now is to empty his watering-can on to the pitch. A child could do that."

"A child might," said the Author bitterly; "but we are not discussing children. We are discussing a county cricketer."

"I don't see that it makes any difference."

"It makes all the difference in the world. Try as he will, this cricketer, sent down from Oxford though he was, cannot transfer the contents of his can to the wicket."

"Why can't he?"

"Something stronger than himself forbids it. Every time he tries to do it a sense of shame overpowers him. He remembers all the great ones of the past whose feet have trod this historic turf, and it seems to him that they are watching him."

"You must make him a man without a sense of shame."

The Author gave a hollow laugh. "Such men," he said, "could not exist in county cricket circles. That, my dear, is the whole point."

* * * * *

"What is this?" demanded the Editor in due course.

"A cricket story," said the Author. "I have had a little trouble with it, but I think you will agree that it has been well worth while. The hero, a young man addicted to walking in his sleep, leaves Oxford as the result of a sharp protest received from the Watch Committee——"

"Cricket?" said the Editor, perspiring freely. "The cricket season is over. Football starts to-day."

"GO HOME THIS INSTANT, SIR!"

"GLO'SHIRE GOLF UNION.

The above order and times of starting must be strictly observed. Competitors are requested to be on the tee at least five minutes before their staring time."

Bristol Paper.

Just to get their eyes into good goggling form.

"NEW YORK, May 26.

The action of Mr. Steagall, Charman of the House of Representatives Banking Committee, threw a bombshell into Wall Street this afternoon."—*Daily Paper.*

The comments of the Charlady of the Committee are unfortunately not to hand.

MUSICAL CONDUCTOR FALLS ON HARD TIMES.

Our Booking-Office.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Scotland's Deirdre.

DESPITE the fact that masters of research bent on the rehabilitation of MARY STUART have recently given us more than one finely documented biography, there is room for a small volume resuming this modern and prevailing attitude and its authorities. In *Mary, Queen of Scots* (PETER DAVIES, 5/-) Mr. ERIC LINKLATER does most of this and more. True, his bibliography omits one of the best presentments of the QUEEN's cause, and with it testimony which would have enabled him to settle one suspended apportionment of guilt. But he has succeeded admirably in depicting MARY as the protagonist of that Scotland he as an Orkney man holds for; and in describing the forces combined against her as being equally forces of disintegration. To do this he has had perhaps to overstress his heroine's political ambitions. The claims on England, for instance, maintained in her youthful name were rather, I feel, the outcome of French than Scots (or personal) policy. But he has abundantly succeeded—if success were needed at this hour—in exorcising the Swinburnian siren and substituting a more heroic figure; and his ingenious distillation and vivacious presentment of history can be read with ease and enjoyment.

Thirst and Camels.

All the crudity and all the sublimity of the still untamed stretches of barren earth are conveyed in Mr. H. ST. J. B. PHILBY's latest amazing tale of desert travel, *The Empty Quarter* (CONSTABLE, 21/-). Mr. PHILBY set out to find a fabulous block of iron as big as a camel reputed to stand among the ruins of an ancient city buried in the waste, and he discovered instead a group of giant craters formed by the impact of meteorites, a miracle of singing sands and sixteen moths unknown before to science. He traversed Southern Arabia from east to west on camel-back, travelling at one time nearly four hundred desolate miles between one watering-place and the next, with Arab companions consummate in desert-craft but squabbling and bickering and attempting to retreat in a way that nearly wrecked the enterprise. None of his readers will close this enthralling book without a sense of having shared an enterprise almost intolerably arduous, but the writer was fulfilling a life's ambition and, on a diet of dates and tea, he put on weight in the process. In the very midmost of the wilderness a confident solitary swallow came to circle round his caravan.

The Artist Put in His Place.

I have occasionally found Mr. ERIC GILL's æsthetic pronouncements both pontifical and nebulous; but the essays and addresses collected in *Beauty Looks After Herself* (SHEED AND WARD, 7/6) exhibit a marked advance in clarity, vigour, common-sense and modesty. Mr. GILL touches on the three centuries of commercial aggrandisement which have brought artists, patrons and critics to their present pass; tackles simply and sensibly the relation of art to morals—having learnt to translate his Thomistic doctrine into competently English English—and maintains, the artist being a responsible workman and not an irresponsible entertainer, that there is no essential quarrel between art and conduct. Yet, though he naturally points

to the fusion of these ideals in the Middle Ages, he is anything but a Clerical. The ecclesiastical taste of to-day is soundly trounced and a timely asceticism preached—"the road to whitewash." No machine, Mr. GILL claims, has ever been invented for improving quality. Industrialism has merely released the artist from the necessity of making anything useful and set him on his present ridiculous and isolated pedestal. It is to be hoped that this piece of plain-speaking will do something to accelerate his descent.

The Super-Woman.

The girl whom CYRIL HUME designs
(At 8/6 from HEINEMANN)
Seems to be fashioned upon lines
Outside the common human plan;
It takes all sorts to make, we know,
A world, including missing links,
But all the lot will hardly show
The equal of this Yankee minx.

Reared in a choking atmosphere
Of convents and the modern stage,
She springs upon our vision here
When rising eighteen years of age—
A maiden ready to expand
And face the world with an intense
Ambition intertwined with bland
Sophisticated innocence.

And those who meet her bow in blind
Obedience to her guileless spell,
Counting it heaven, though half inclined
To wonder if it isn't hell:
And this long book of much ado—
My Sister (so it's named) *My Bride*—
Deft though it is, leaves all the crew
(And me as well) unsatisfied.

Hurrah for the Spanish Main!

The Main as Vice-Admiral E. R. G. R. EVANS depicts it in his romance of *Spanish Death* (HARRAP, 7/6) is precisely the sort of place about which healthy-minded boys during successive generations have delighted to weave daydreams. The period, frankly, has not much to do with sober history. Enough that the tale is set in that vague, richly-coloured and picturesque time when pirates and buccaneers went gaily apparelled in silks and satins and velvets, and pinked one another with slender rapiers and feasted sumptuously every day off crystal and gold. Nor again does history appear to have anything to say about the existence of a warlike Cardinal of Panama who led a kind of crusading fleet to the extermination of the sea-wolves of the Caribbees. Howbeit, this is just such a lively stirring yarn as one would expect from its author, with plenty of good fighting and an abundance of hair-breadth escapes for its youthful hero. The pirates into whose hands he falls are no doubt a good deal more picturesque than such gentry were in actual fact; the velvet breeches torn up for souvenirs at Execution Dock were probably pretty greasy on close inspection; but they cut sufficiently imposing figures in Admiral EVANS's pages, and their names—*Panama Too, Dead-Face, Rat of the Main* and the rest—are in themselves enough to give something of an enjoyable thrill.

Chatty Passenger. "WELL, I SUPPOSE I MUSTN'T KEEP YOU FROM YOUR WORK ANY LONGER."

Sailor. "THAT'S RIGHT, SIR; I WAS JUST WONDERIN' 'OW I WAS GOIN' TO SHUT YOU UP TACTFULLY."

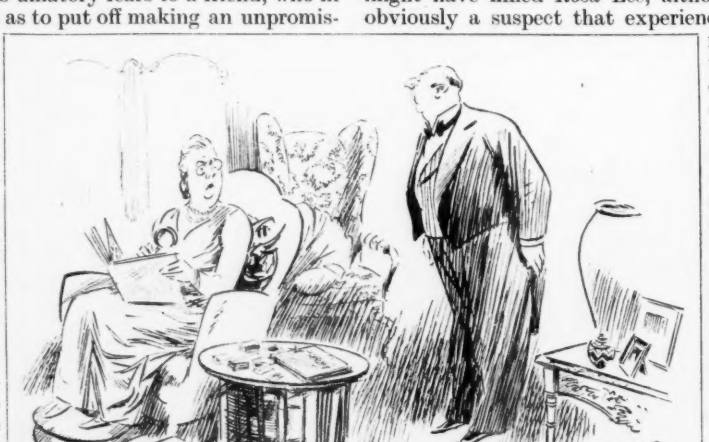
The Inferno Illuminated.

Hard upon the heels of Mr. BICKERSTETH'S admirable translation of the *Paradiso* in its original metre and (as far as possible) rhythm, comes Mr. LAURENCE BINYON'S parallel rendering of *Dante's Inferno* (MACMILLAN, 7/6). This, on the whole, exhibits a more daring approximation to the Italian technique, and I am not sure that such frequent fusion of adjacent vowels is ever commendable in English. But the enchanting fashion (for which Mr. BINYON apologises) of rhyming on unstressed syllables strikes me

as not only a useful enlargement of "the narrow repertory of English rhymes" but as a custom sanctioned by the best English precedents. It used to be objected to, I remember, as due to an Italianate eccentricity of ear in ROSSETTI; but I always thought myself that it was much more likely that ROSSETTI picked it up from indubitably English folk-songs of "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman" type. Be that as it may I have little but praise for Mr. BINYON's prosodic architecture and for the eloquent simplicity of his vocabulary. I feel, too, that the graceful clarity of his own canto-headings is a welcome substitute for a recondite undergrowth of notes.

Consequences.

Mr. ALEC WAUGH has made an old theme the excuse for an interesting novel which has a rare tidiness of form as well as slickness and a certain casual humour. We are not introduced to his heroine, a *Helen* whose face, if not a launcher of ships, was dangerous enough to make a certain oil prospector confide his amatory fears to a friend, who in consequence was so kind as to put off making an unpromising report on oil in order that a quite unimportant person could recover from love's craziness. The result was that a number of people in London and New Orleans risked money blindly, grew rich, became poor and met financial and amatory liabilities according to their natures. The strangest of all the beneficiaries was a retired captain (a liver-on-his-wits) who induced a self-important major to negotiate for a house he did not want in order that both might reap an agent's commission with honour. Yes, the book is as complicated as that, but each story which makes up the *Wheels Within Wheels* (CASSELL, 7/6) is in itself a perfect bit of machinery.



"I HAVE SUPERVISED A THOROUGH SEARCH BY THE ENTIRE STAFF, M'LADY, BUT REGRET THAT SO FAR THE MISSING CIGARETTE-PICTURE HAS NOT BEEN FOUND."

En Famille.

I feel moved to prophesy a large and greatly enjoying public for Lord GORELL's new novel, *Elizabeth Star* (MURRAY, 7/6), but it will be the homely and home-loving public, for his charming *Elizabeth* is so old-fashioned—or is it new?—that, married to a decent dull man and passionately adored by and adoring a handsome and virile one, she chooses to keep her marriage vows. That she is rewarded by finding herself in love with her husband makes a conventional happy ending, but *Elizabeth* and her *Julian* are such nice creatures that no one who has read so far in this uninspired pleasant story of a Vicar's daughter and a schoolmaster who became an earl is likely to regret it. I remember remarking before on Lord GORELL's extraordinary grasp of the purely feminine point of view; he is so wise here as to babies and nursery procedure and other matters that my suspicion of a collaborator threatens to become a certainty.

Straight Shooting.

Mr. ELLERY QUEEN's problems in deduction, of which *The American Gun Mystery* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6) is an excellent example, are by no means simple, but he is always careful to give his readers a fair chance to clear up the mystery. The principal scenes of this story are staged at *Wild Bill Grant's* rodeo in New York, where, in the presence of some thousands of spectators, two of the performers on separate occasions were shot dead. After each of these murders a keen and vigorous search ensued, and, although Mr. QUEEN drops his clues here and there for us to gather if we can, he is also extremely clever in diverting our attention from the path that leads straight to the problem's solution. I do not think that anyone's enjoyment of this well-woven yarn will be decreased if I say that the details of the first crime should be most carefully studied.

The Death of an Adventuress.

The first chapter of *The Yellow Bungalow Mystery* (HARRAP, 7/6) is not easy reading, but with the arrival on the scene of the well-known detective, *Anthony Slade*, confusion promptly disappears. No fewer than four people might have killed *Rosa Lee*, although one of them is so obviously a suspect that experienced readers of mystery novels will not hesitate to proclaim him innocent. *Rosa* was the kind of woman with whom the world can quite happily dispense, but at any rate her sudden death gave *Slade* a problem to solve that taxed his brains to the utmost. In its class this tale gains distinction because Mr. LEONARD R. GRIBBLE, as is his habit, pays careful attention to characterisation.

Sweetmeats in Tinsel.

I am pretty sure that Mr. DENIS MACKAIL could afford to be a little more exigent with his magazine public. I don't say more exigent with himself, for his latest preface poignantly alludes to the hard lot of the man who sets out "to enliven railway-journeys and dentists' waiting-rooms." It is impossible for the poor wretch to know how his audience is taking him. Moreover, when he republishes his stories in bulk, their sameness of theme and manner are sure to catch the eye more insistently than their refinements. I certainly felt this myself about *Having Fun* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6), which, though hardly a companionable shelfmate for *The Flower Show*, has undoubtedly the qualities of its defects. It is a gaily-coloured collection of neat little cracker-bonbons of fiction, with a very pleasant assortment of bright young things and their middle-aged foils. "Gooseberry Fool," "Ten for Tact" and "A Breath from the Past" are my own favourites in this class; but "The Custody of the Child," half of whose cast is canine, strikes me as the pick of the book.

All About the Theatre.

Theatre-lovers will welcome the seventh edition of the indefatigable Mr. JOHN PARKER's *Who's Who in the Theatre* (PITMAN, 30/-)—just short of two thousand pages, packed with information (biographical, historical, genealogical) about those who live in and by the theatre, with play-records extending back well into the eighteenth century.

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